Does It Hurt? by Blink_Blue

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Billy is a loose cannon. Steve forgives too easily. Billy wants to see him as broken as he feels.

There's no high quite like fucking with Harrington.

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“You punched me, you fucking asshole. Twice. Of course, it hurts.”

Does It Hurt?

“Does it hurt?”

Steve glares at him from under the curtain of dark hair that’s fallen into his eyes. His lip is painful where it’s split and his jaw throbs angrily. He can already feel a bruise forming beneath his skin. As the other man stares at the redness blossoming on his cheek, Steve wonders how he let Billy crash into his life, livid and dangerous like a raging storm.

Billy can’t stop staring at the damage. His own knuckles did this, lost in his rage as he so often is. He can barely remember how it started. Something had set him off, but whatever it was seems insignificant now when faced with the evidence of what he did. His blood stirs. The guilt is mixed with something else, diluted with something that feels dangerously close to a thrill as he leans closer for inspection of the marks on Steve’s skin.

Steve grits his teeth. “You punched me, you fucking asshole. Twice. Of course, it hurts.”

It’s not the first time their interaction resulted in bruised knuckles and bloody teeth. It probably wouldn’t be the last.

Steve stands stiffly. His shoulders are tense, displaying his caution against whatever Billy might send his way next. Billy knows he’s a loose cannon. But the way Steve stands wary of him, perhaps expecting to be attacked again stirs something unpleasant in his gut. He needs to change that. And he will.

The thing Billy’s come to learn about Steve is that the man has too much heart. He forgives too easily. He’s too eager or desperate for approval and affection that someone like Billy can take advantage by pulling his strings like a puppet.

“What the fuck, dude?” Steve’s tone is still accusatory, but his shoulders slowly drop. The tension between them is already morphing into something else.

Billy stands transfixed. His answer is to reach out a hand to cup Steve's jaw. The skin is hot under his touch. His thumb drags over the cut on Steve's lip. The other man hisses when he presses down none too gently over the torn flesh.

His touch is a mockery of something intimate. Steve doesn't deserve this, he thinks. But he doesn't let that stop him.

"What the hell are you doing?" Steve's voice is harsh again, but he doesn't pull away. If anything, he leans into the touch and the corners of Billy's lips twitch when he feels the slight movement.

Billy's eyes flicker up to meet Steve's gaze. "It's okay," he whispers softly. But he knows in his heart that nothing about this is okay. At best, he's taking advantage. At worst, he's dragging Steve into the deepest pits of hell with him. "It's okay," he says again, before pushing his lips against Steve's.

Steve is stiff and unresponsive for a few, long seconds before he starts to kiss him back. Billy slides a hand around to the back of Steve's neck. He buries it in the soft strands, keeping him in place, keeping him close. Steve melts into his touch, groaning softly at the pain of kissing with a split lip. Billy tastes blood on his tongue. It tastes something like a victory.

Steve's eyes flutter shut as Billy pulls their bodies close. Kissing Billy is like a shot of whiskey and a punch in the gut. It knocks the air out of his lungs and burns all the way down to his stomach, spilling through his veins like fire. He groans when Billy pushes him back and his body thumps against the side of his car behind him. He hisses when Billy sinks his teeth into his split lip.

Billy relishes those sounds. He's never needed anything before like he needs this, Steve yielding control to him. He's got the power here and it makes him feel alive for the first time in what seems like a lifetime. He needs this, and he lessens the aching guilt with the thought that maybe they *both* need this.

He digs his fingers into sensitive skin, pushes Steve harder against the cold metal behind him. He pushes harder, *keeps* pushing, knowing Steve won't ever push him away. Because Steve needs him too. The

thrill of what they have together spreads like a toxin through his veins.

Their faces are flushed with desire when they part, warm breath spilling against each other's lips. Billy's eyes grow hard as he takes in the bruises blooming on Steve's skin. His adrenaline is rushing fast. The next kiss is rougher, more demanding now that Steve is displaying open willingness in his arms.

Steve gives more this time around. His fingers tug at Billy's shirt. He moans around Billy's tongue pressing into his mouth, returning it with enthusiasm that goes straight to Billy's dick. It's rough and messy and desperate, everything about them always is.

Steve's eyes are hazy with lust. Soft sounds mew from his throat. Billy growls low as he watches him. His eyes flutter over the swell of Steve's lip. He recalls his furious energy, bursting out of him and striking the other man like a wave. He'd felt so powerful in that moment, so terrifyingly powerful. And he wants to feel that again.

Billy doesn't ask for permission. He never does.

His hands reach for the other man's belt, undoes his pants with the finesse of someone with too much experience. The only sounds Steve makes are a gasp and a whimper when Billy's hand wraps itself around his cock. He grows hard under his touch, collapses against the car behind him with his fingers clawing desperately at Billy's sleeves.

It makes Billy dizzy with power seeing him like this. Steve falls apart with every slow, confident stroke of his hand. The sight comes with a rush that's almost better than any orgasm he's ever had. It feels better than any drug. There's no high quite like fucking with Harrington.

Billy leans closer, sucks a bruise against the sensitive flesh of Steve's neck as he grinds their bodies together.

"You want it," he says it like a command, not a question. His words are gruff and he feels the slightest nod from Steve. A submission. Steve arches into his touch, thrusts harder into his hand, and the responsiveness is so open and wanton, it makes Billy's head spin with relief.

Billy wants more. He wants to shatter Steve into pieces. Make him beg for his dick, to fuck him in places no one else had ever touched, to give him release that he's never known before. He wants to see Steve as broken as he feels.

"Billy—" There's a tremor in Steve's voice. *"Please—"*

He pulls back. Steve keens against him, mourning the loss. His pupils are blown wide, lips swollen and parted, and he looks so beautiful Billy hates himself for the intensity of his emotions. Because he wants to ruin this. He wants to *ruin* him.

Billy grabs his hips and spins him around roughly. Steve grunts as he's manhandled, now pressed with his front against the cold metal of the car. He braces his hands against the glass, sounds coming out in whimpers as Billy preps him. A wet finger probes at the tight muscle of his hole before pressing inside. He groans softly as his head falls forward, and he forces himself to relax, knowing that saliva makes for a poor lubricant even in the best of circumstances.

One finger becomes two and he's slowly stretched by the other man's touch. Billy's not exactly gentle. Impatient grunts sound behind him, and a moment later, Billy's cock pressing inside him has him choking on air when he's filled in one fluid, *painful* motion.

"Fuck—Billy—"

His fingertips have gone white trying to find purchase on the smooth glass. Billy muffles a grunt into his neck as he pants heavily behind him, struggling to keep still, giving him just enough time to adjust to the feeling of being filled.

Steve whispers Billy's name like a sob, dragging breath after broken breath, and the sounds are something glorious when they reach Billy's ears. He starts with slow, steady thrusts. "No one else fucks you like this. Say it," he demands heavily. "I want to hear you say it."

Steve's breath hitches. Billy's fingers finds his hips, gripping him tightly as he angles them just right, so that his next thrusts have him seeing stars behind closed eyelids.

“No one fucks me like this,” Steve gasps. “I swear—*ahh!* No one…”

Billy closes his eyes. He focuses on the slow drag of his cock in and out of Steve’s warm body. He knows he’s probably leaving bruises with his fingers. The thought of it, of *marking* him, leaving him with a limp in his step, sends delightful tremors down his spine.

“Am I hurting you?”

Steve breathes heavily but he doesn’t answer. Billy thrusts hard into his body, his way of wordlessly demanding a response. The whimper he gets in return, his name a broken whisper past Steve’s lips, is more satisfying than he’d like to admit.

Steve jerks and gasps, struggling to draw breath as one of Billy’s hands snake in front of his body, grabs his leaking cock and strokes hard to the rhythm of his thrusts. His head falls back, baring his throat, and seconds later, Billy buries his teeth in the long column of his neck.

Billy keeps fucking him as he trembles. He’s so close. And by the sounds Billy makes, he’s nearing the edge as well. The hand around his cock is tight as a vice. He nearly screams when Billy bites down *hard,* right as his dick brushes that wonderful spot inside him and he’s cumming. Warm, thick streams shoot from his cock, spilling over Billy’s fingers and smearing onto the metal of the car he’s pressed against.

He’s a mess of heavy limbs and incoherent noises as his head drops forward, too sensitive to form words as Billy continues to fuck him. They shake and tremble together until Billy finally spills inside his body. Billy groans as he grips him tight. Warm semen fills his insides, wet and sticky and strangely pleasant against aching muscles that scream for relief.

His body sore and throbbing and satisfied.

Billy buries his face into the other man’s hair, closes his eyes as his heart pounds in his chest. The scent of Steve’s fancy shampoo fills his nostrils. There’s a clarity in this moment. Mixed with euphoria, he sees them as they are.

His hands have yet to leave Steve's flesh. His fingers dig into sore hips. His cock slowly softens inside the other man's body. His lips are mouthing at messy strands of hair, pressing silent kisses against them. He shivers as his body calms. Not even an inch of space between them, yet Steve doesn't push him away.

Does it hurt, Billy wants to ask. But this time, he doesn't.

A strange feeling settles deep in his gut, upon the realization that he might have gotten it all wrong. He had wanted to break him. Wanted to see Steve fall into pieces. Wanted to drag him into his misery so that he wouldn't have to suffer alone.

But all along, Steve might have been the one putting him back together.

Author's Note:

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